Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIV., No. 33. MONTREAL, AUGUST 18, 1899. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

The King and Queen of the Zoo.

One of the most difficult and dangerous branches of photography is to be found in taking portraits of wild animals; yet lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, not to mention the lesser denizens of the forest, have been photographed, from a more or less respectful distance, in their forest homes. From an elephant's back quite a large number of snapshots have rewarded the amateur. But such photographs seldom show the majesty of the King of Beasts. In our frontispiece, however, we have a magnificent example of the result of much patient work at the Zoo. The photographer has not only succeeded in obtaining a most striking picture of the king as he roars defiance to the world, but also of his majesty's consort. In fact, so skilfully has the camera been used that it needs but little imagination to give one the impression that the lions are in their native wilds, and not behind bolts and bars.—'Home Words.'

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE ZOO.

Helped to do Right.

Mrs. Ellis had been merely civil, week by week, as they met at her door. She had seemed to have no wish to have her district visitor any further inside either her home or her heart. But to-day Miss Stanton had been quite eagerly invited to enter.

'Please, miss, do sit down; I have been hoping that you would be round this afternoon.'

A look of surprise flitted across Miss Stanton's face, followed by a look of inquiry, as she laid the picture tract that she had brought with her upon the cleanest part of a not very clean table.

'You see, miss; I'm in a little bit of trouble, and I think perhaps that you would help me,' continued Mrs. Ellis. 'I must ask some one to lend me half a sovereign, or my husband will be that angry! I only want to borrow it for three days.'

It would have been no difficulty for Miss Stanton to lend the money for longer than that; but the easiest and quickest way is not always the highest and most helpful.

'But why should your husband be angry, Mrs. Ellis? He looks such a quiet, steady man.'

'And so he is, miss; a better husband to me than I am wife to him.' This was said in a softened tone. 'Only, miss, you musn't go too far with him, or he will be that angry——'

'But are you going too far, Mrs. Ellis?'

'This is how it is, miss. John told me not to lend Mrs. Jervis anything from our rent money. He didn't approve her ways, and don't wish me to associate with her, or it would lead to no good.'

'And you have not followed his wishes in this?' said Miss Stanton.

'Mrs. Jervis does get over me so, miss. I don't know how it is. If my husband only knew, I'm not so much better than she is. Still, it's too bad! She told me that I should be sure and have the sovereign back yesterday. Now she says the letter has not come.'

Miss Stanton knew that Mrs. Jervis received a sovereign by post every month, the rent of some cottages she owned in a neighboring town. She was better off, as far as money went, than most of her neighbors, though no one would have guessed it.

'She says she's sure to have the letter before Sunday,' went on Mrs. Ellis, hopefully, as Miss Stanton paused while secretly looking to God for direction. 'But my husband said at breakfast this morning that he should try to take our quarter's rent money in this evening.'

'Mrs. Ellis, I believe that you know that I am willing to help you; but I wish to help you in the best way. Now what do you think that you ought to do about this?'

Mrs. Ellis looked impatient.

'You ought to tell your husband exactly what you've done. That will be really better than borrowing money, or hiding it, or waiting for him to find it out.'

'I can't do that. Why, John would be angry. I've gone and done exactly what he once did himself, and to this day we're suffering for it. That's what made him so strict with me. He'll say I ought to have known better, and so I suppose I ought.'

'Yes, I know you lived in a better part of the town till your husband was persuaded to sign that paper which led to his having to pay a great deal that he ought never to have had to pay; but don't you think that when he remembers what he did himself, he won't be too hard on you?'

And Miss Stanton, feeling that she had said all she very well could just then, rose, and with a sympathizing 'Good afternoon,' was gone.

Ellis was rather surprised to see a clean tablecloth that evening when he came in.

The kettle, too, was evidently nearer boiling than usual, and the bacon had begun to be fried. He thought during tea that his wife's good-natured careless face looked a little pale and anxious, and he wondered whether there was anything the matter.

Before the meal was quite finished, Mrs. Ellis sent out their two little girls on an errand, fidgeted a little, and then began—

'John, I sent the children away because I want to tell you that I'm sorry to say that I've done something wrong. You said that I was not to lend Mrs. Jervis that half-sovereign,but somehow she got hold of it, and I can't get it back.'

'And you never will,' replied her husband, only half angrily, for he was touched by her tone.

'I've told you now, and I'm sorry enough about it, John. If she doesn't let me have it again, I'll try and save it, week by week, from what you give me.'

Ellis felt softened. His wife had never confessed anything to him before, and now she was even offering to make up for what she had done.

He remembered also that paper which one evening he had been persuaded to sign, for the consequences of which both his wife and children had been obliged to smart as well as himself.

'I must see what can be done,' said Ellis. 'Our landlord will have to wait a little for once.'

The next week Miss Stanton found that she had been enabled to strengthen Mrs. Ellis to do right, and that a better and more useful friendship had sprung up between them than is ever likely to arise from the careless lending of money.—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Chief Sat Still.

Dauan Island is in Torres Straits, and is divided by a narrow strait from the mainland of New Guinea. It is a beautiful and fertile place, but the inhabitants were, a few years ago, fierce savages, delighting in war and in skull-hunting. When the New Guinea Mission was started, in 1871, by Mr. Murray and Dr. Macfarlane, they placed on Dauan Island four teachers and their wives from the South Seas, and, having committed them to the protection of an old chief, sailed away to found other stations. Not long afterwards a trading-ship came to the place; and the crew, consisting of South Sea islanders under the command of two white men, landed and commenced to plunder the plantations and orchards. Some of them kept off the savages with loaded guns, while the others filled their boats with yams, bananas, cocoanuts, and other productions of the place, with which they sailed away.

The natives were naturally furious at this robbery, and thirsty for vengeance. The robbers were out of reach; but here were the teachers—people of the same race, and possibly, so they thought, implicated in the outrage. Accordingly, they determined to kill the teachers, and, dressed in feathers, paint, and shells, gathered with their weapons outside the house where these lodged, and commenced the war-dance. The teachers saw no hope of escape; they could only commit themselves to God and pray for His help. Before the people could kill the teachers, they had to get the permission of the old chief, who had promised to take care of them; and though he was a heathen and a savage, he meant to keep his word. One after another persuaded, threatened, and entreated him to give up the strangers to their vengeance, but all in vain. The old man sat on the ground with his head sunk on his breast. He knew that if he made a movement it would be taken as a sign of assent, so he sat like a rock the whole night through, and until the next day broke. What a night that was for the threatened men and women! Outside, the yells of the war-dancers and the clash of their weapons; inside, continuous and agonizing prayer for grace and life. When the morning came, two of the teachers with their wives could bear the strain no longer; they crept out to their boat and set sail. The others refused to desert their post; and after a while the fury of the people subsided, and quiet was again restored.

Those who escaped in the boat sent the news of what had taken place to the missionaries, saying that they feared their comrades had perished. The missionaries, heavy at heart, started at once for Dauan; with them were two South Sea teachers, not yet settled. These men, with such an example before them of the danger of a cruel death, might well have shrunk back and asked to be sent home, but the request which they actually made was very different. They said, 'If we find that the people have killed the teachers, we want to take their places; and if we find that they are not killed, then we will take the places of those who have run away from their post.' Their wish was granted, and the four heroes settled down to try and win these fierce and bloodthirsty islanders for Christ.—'Christian Herald.'

The Pensioner's Question.

An old pensioner once accosted a gentleman, who was, like himself, taking a morning walk, and, without any introduction or ceremony, put the question—

'Sir, can you tell me what is saving faith?'

The gentleman paused for a moment, sent up a desire to heaven for wisdom to speak a word in due season, and answered—

'Saving faith is to believe the Word of God so as to act upon it.'

As the pensioner made no reply, but apparently waited for some further explanation, the gentleman added—

'Let me try to give you an example from what might happen in things concerning the body.

'If you were afflicted with a sore disease, and if you had said, "Do you know of any remedy by which I may be cured?" and if I, after hearing a description of your complaint, should say, "Yes, indeed, there is a person living up the hill yonder, who has cured many who were afflicted with the same grievous complaint, and who is willing to cure all that come to him, without charging them anything for it," how would you show that you believed my words? Would it not be by going at once to the person named, in order that you might obtain the cure you so much desired?

'Thus your faith in my words would lead you to act upon them, and take you to him who had the desired remedy.'

The pensioner seemed deeply interested, and the gentleman continued—

'Well, just so does saving faith act in that which concerns the soul. When the Holy Spirit has convinced a man that he is a sinner in the sight of a holy God, that the wages of sin is death, and that he is in danger of perishing, then the awakened sinner puts up the cry of alarm, "What must I do to be saved?"

'Then as a convinced sinner he hears the glad tidings of great joy which God has commanded to be preached or proclaimed to every creature: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

'When he hears this "faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief," and learns that the Saviour invites all who labor, and are heavy laden to come to Him, and promises to give them rest, saving faith, the work of the same Holy Spirit, receives the good news, and the awakened soul is soon brought nigh to his God and Father, confessing his sins and thanking Him for His unspeakable gift.

'Thus you see saving faith believes the Word of God, acts upon it, comes to, or, what is the same thing, receives the Saviour; and oh, how blessed is the result! For we read in the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name." And to prove to us that this great change is the work of the Holy Spirit, it is added, "Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."'

The old pensioner thanked the gentleman, and went on.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Only Four Years Old.

(The following lines were suggested to their author by hearing of a tombstone in a country churchyard in Wales, on which was inscribed the name of a man who had lived to some years above eighty, yet was said to be (alluding to his conversion to Christ) only 'four years old when he died.' The incident recalls a message sent by the beloved and venerated Dr. Marsh, to an aged man—over one hundred—in the writer's parish at St. Nicholas's, Worcester, named 'Hope': 'Tell him I trust he has a "good hope through grace": but if he has not, give him the verse:—

'"Youth is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to ensure the great reward;
But whilst the lamp holds out to burn,
The oldest sinner may return."'

If you ask me how long I have been in the world, I'm old, I'm very old;
If you ask me how many years I've lived, it'll very soon be told:
Past eighty years of age, yet only four years old!

Eighty years and more astray upon the mountains high;
In a land that's full of pits and snares, and that's desolate and dry,
I've oft been weary, oft been cold, and oft been like to die;

And there I'd have wandered, wandered still, as I wandered many a day;
I'd lose the track-marks of the flock, I'd got so far away,
If Jesus had not met me, that seeks for them that stray.

He's God Himself come down from Heaven to raise us when we fall;
He's come to heal us when we're sick, to hear us when we call;
If He hadn't come to do us good, He wouldn't have come at all.

And 'Ask,' He says, 'and I will give, and knock, and I to you
Will open,' Jesus says to us—and I know that it is true;
It isn't Him would say the things He doesn't mean to do.

He didn't come to judge the world, He didn't come to blame,
He didn't only come to seek, it was to save He came:
And when we call Him Saviour, then we call Him by His name.

He sought for me when I was lost, He brought me to His fold:
He doesn't look for much from me, for He doesn't need be told
I'm past eighty years of age, and yet but four years old.

—Dora Greenwell.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Zaccheus' Reckoning.

(Hattie L. Bruce, Satara, India.)

'Count it all joy'—mamma was cutting out the pasteboard letters of her favorite motto to hang on the wall over her writing-desk. She wanted a continual reminder before her eyes of this counting-lesson she had lately learned from the Word of God. Just there on the desk lay an unanswered letter from an old-time college teacher who had sent particulars about the fire. 'I think it will be better after a while that our main building is gone,' she wrote, 'as we are to have cottages for fifty and sixty students. How wonderfully God works! Here we are precipitated with the cottage system, without any consideration about it. The fire certainly means advance and new methods of work. I had been praying definitely this fall for a new dining room and chapel, as we were too crowded, and now we shall have to have them. It was hard to see the old building

go, and we miss it a great deal, but I am assured it is all for the best. The Lord has answered our prayers indeed, and in most unexpected and unusual ways.'

'Count it all joy'—as mamma clipped the large letters, she thought of this new illustration of them. She remembered what that same teacher had said to her once, that it seemed as though she had prayed enough for the college to shake it to its very foundations. And how it had been shaken! She was reminded in God's dealings with the college of his personal dealings with her, long years ago, when she was clinging to so much that though good in itself was inconsistent with God's highest purposes for her; just as the college was clinging to its old-fashioned basement dining-room and over-crowded assembly-hall. 'God had to demolish what we considered quite too good for the flames,' she mused, before he could begin to work in our best interests. But now at last, when he has had his way, our future is bright as it never could have been otherwise. It is the old story, "From death unto life." Why should we be so long in learning it? "Count it all joy."'

Then the children came in.

'What are you doing, mamma?' they asked.

'Counting,' she answered with a smile.

'Counting what?'

'Counting it all joy—the disappointments in my own life, the loss of our college main building, the "all things" that work together for good to them that love God. Would you little people like to reckon up such a column? You can do it as well as I, perhaps better—"For of such is the kingdom of heaven,"' she added in an undertone; then, aloud, 'There was once a man whose name was Zaccheus. I think I will let him teach you the lesson he taught me lately, how to make "all joys" out of a column of losses. He had account-books and ledgers—book-keeping in his own interests he knew only too well. Scarce ever was there an item of loss in his columns. Gains from the poor, from the destitute, from the suffering, gains from widow and the fatherless, unrighteous gains—ah, he could add them quite to his own satisfaction. And thus he came to be a notoriously bad character in Jericho. But he lost his wealth one day when he learned a little of the arithmetic of heaven. You remember the story of how this "man who was a sinner" climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Jesus?'

'Yes, and Jesus, passing by, called to him, "Zacchæus, make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house."'

'The rest of the day was spent in the blessed companionship of Jesus. What a transformation it wrought in Zaccheus's life! By evening-time he was changed into a new creature. Had he been rich in the morning, only to find himself poor by nightfall? Or poor in the morning? What do you think? Rich or poor?'

The children could not tell.

'Did it ever occur to you, little folks, that Zaccheus's neighbors, curious to know what he had gained by his long interview with Jesus, may have plied him afterwards with questions? But he could only answer, "Joyfully," "The half of my goods I give to the poor." And then, as they thought him a great fool to count his losses gains, he went on, "If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." Gains or losses? The world saw him stripped of his possession on the very day he had become heir to untold wealth.

'Just so it is with us. The world, having no treasure laid up in heaven, cannot understand what it means to be "rich toward God," nor can it take "joyfully" the spoiling of its goods. But this is one of God's counting-houses that he would have us learn—and the sooner the better—to check our complaints, to smile through tears, and to praise his dear name even for disappointments.

'Now, little ones, try for your own selves to "count it all joys;" whatever happens. It will mean not so many "Oh, dears!" and "Too bads!" and "What a pitys!" about the house. See, I have finished my motto. Isn't it suggestive of the lesson Zaccheus has taught us? We must string the letters together, and hang them over the writing-desk as a constant reminder to us all.'

So this is how the children learned to 'count it all joy.'—'Christian Alliance.'

Joe's Confidence.

(Dorcas Dare in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Phew!' said Joe Bayiff. 'This won't do! Two dollars for a garret-room, four dollars for board! Six dollars a week! Phew! I guess it's got to be brains and hands both!'

He walked on in silence for a few moments, turning over in his mind the lodging-rooms he had seen and the landladies he had interviewed. Then energetically, 'I'll do it!' he exclaimed.

He retraced his steps until he reached a quiet side street. There, ringing the bell at the first house, he was admitted by a woman, who looked at him, inquiringly.

Joe smiled. 'Yes, I've come back. I thought I'd come back and offer you one dollar a week for your garret-room and chores.'

'Chores? Well, I don't know.'

'I'll shovel snow, do errands, take care of your furnace, and anything else you say.'

'Would you stay all winter?'

'I'll stay a year; that is, my school year.'

The woman considered the matter for a few moments, looking keenly at Joe meanwhile. 'I've always had two dollars for it unfurnished, but you would save me a dollar a week. Yes, I'll let you have it. That is, we'll try it, and if you don't suit me I'll give you two weeks' notice.'

'Thank you,' said Joe. 'I will try to suit you.'

After a short conversation, in which Joe answered his landlady's questions about his home, he left her, and went to the station for his valise. An hour later he returned with it, and went up to his room. Its emptiness smote him with a sense of desolation, but he resolutely tried to drive away the longing for home.

'I must work hard and earn some furniture,' he said. 'After all the sacrifices father and mother have made, I must not be a coward. It's a pity if I can't sleep on this nice, clean floor till I can earn a bed, and sit on my valise till I can earn a chair.'

Opening the large, old-fashioned valise, which had been his grandfather's, Joe took out a well-filled box. He ate sparingly, however, of the doughnuts and sandwiches it contained. The lump in his throat could not be driven away by sheer force of will, he found.

He sat by one of his windows until the stars came out. Then, kneeling down, he thanked God for the safe shelter to which he had led him; and, as he asked for his blessing, it seemed to him that a deeper sense of his constant presence came to him than he had ever before felt.

'I am not alone,' he said; 'God is here with me. And at home they are praying to him; they are asking him to take care of me. I am sure he will answer. He will certainly guide and help and comfort me.'

Joe awoke with the same feeling the next morning, and again he thanked God for the home to which he had led him. No thought that he might have to leave it troubled him. 'Mrs. Gray is a good woman, I am sure,' he thought, 'and she will keep me if I am faithful; and I shall be, for God will help me to be.'

He went downstairs after he had made his

toilet. A small looking-glass in the bath-room gave him an unexpected pleasure. 'I shan't have to buy one,' he said, delightedly.

He carried his shoes in his hand as he stole softly down the stairs. Early as it was, he found Mrs. Gray in the kitchen.

'No,' she said, 'there are no chores for you to-day. You'd better hunt round and get you a bed. I might have told you that you could sleep down here on that old lounge, but I didn't think of it.'

'I slept first-rate. The floor was clean. I'm just as much obliged, though, as if you had told me.'

'Well, you can use it, and welcome, till you do get a bed.'

'I hope to get one to-day. I'm going to see what I can do after breakfast; but, first I want to sweep our front steps and the pavement.'

Mrs. Gray objected: 'I'm up earlier than common. I'll do it myself.'

Joe laughed. 'It was in our compact,' he reminded her, 'and I want to do it.'

Joe bought a paper from a newsboy, while he was engaged in his self-imposed task. He carried it up to his room, after being again assured that there was nothing for him to do, and read portions of it carefully. Then he took paper and a pencil and wrote for an hour or two. He then went out.

Inquiring his way, he reached, at last, that part of the city where were the large furniture stores. One, two, three, four, five, he entered. Dismissed from each of them with a curt, 'No, I don't want it,' Joe kept on, undismayed.

'I'll try every single one in the city before I give up!' he said.

Store after store was visited. In many of them Joe was unable to see any member of the firm. Shortly before noon his request was granted, and he was ushered into a private room. An elderly man, seated at a desk, paused in his writing, and looked inquiringly at him.

Joe bowed respectfully, and advanced toward him.

'Well, sir, your business?'

'I want a bedstead, a mattress, a pillow and a chair, sir, and I want to pay for them in advertisements. I can write them so they will attract people's attention, I think.'

'And you want me to run the risk of their meeting with no attention?'

'I want the furniture. I cannot pay for it in money, and I have heard that advertisement-writing was a good thing.'

'Why can't you pay in money?'

Joe explained his position. 'My father is a farmer, and I've come here for a year's schooling. I want to earn my way, and I've taken the cheapest room I can find. It's a garret-room, unfurnished, and I don't want to ask my father for money to buy a bed and a chair.'

'H-m. Well, go to that desk and write me an advertisement.'

'I have some with me, sir. The blank spaces are for the firm's name.'

'Let me see one or two.'

'Well,' a few minutes later, 'these are fair. You could improve on them by practicing, probably. Still, they are fair, and I'll take them.'

He touched a knob as he spoke, and a clerk appeared in answer to his summons.

'We have some broken lots of pine, Clark?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Take this young man with you, and let him select a bedstead, a slat-spring, one excelsior mattress, two pillows, a couple of chairs and—a table?'

'No, sir. And if you please, sir, I did not ask for a spring, and one pillow will do, sir, and one chair.'

'That's all right. Now, just write your address on this card, and I'll send you a line when I need anything more.'

'Thank you, sir,' said Joe. Then somewhat slyly he extended his hand. 'I shall ask God to bless you,' he said.

'Thank you. I'm glad you are trying to please him by not being a burden on your father. Well, good-day.'

'Good-day, sir,' said Joe, gratefully.

Joe's room looked quite like a room, he thought, when he surveyed his new possessions that night. He had spent the afternoon in a fruitless search for work. 'Writing, copying, addressing envelopes—anything I can do at odd times,' he had said wherever he had applied. His efforts, however, had been all in vain.

After a night's rest he consulted his landlady.

'Well,' she said, 'I don't know, but, perhaps, you could get your three meals at some of the restaurants, by waiting on table or washing dishes.'

'All my meals! Why, that would save me four dollars a week! Thank you, oh, thank you, ever so much!'

'There's Ginger's, two blocks from here. You might try him. He's a hard man with help, they say, but you wouldn't be there much.'

Joe lost no time in seeking Mr. Ginger, and applying for a position.

'Seven to eight, mornings, five to six-thirty, or seven, nights, and your pay in meals, three per day—that's your proposition?' said Mr. Ginger.

Yes, sir.'

'References with you?'

Joe's face fell. 'I'm from the country, sir; I have no references, for I have never worked for anyone but my father.'

'Sorry; settles it. Good-day.'

Joe turned away sadly. On the threshold of the door his face brightened. He hurried back to the desk. Mr. Ginger looked up with a frown. 'Can't break rules. No use. Settles it.'

'But I have a letter from our minister at home, sir. It will tell you something about me, sir. My father got it. He thought my teachers might require it.'

'Got it with you?'

Joe took the letter from his pocket. Mr. Ginger read it slowly, while Joe awaited his decision with great anxiety.

'Lodge near by?' said Mr. Ginger, at last.

Joe told him the street and number.

'Go to work to-night.'

'Now, if you like, sir. I'm hungry, and I see you're short of a waiter in that corner.

'H-m! Been looking about you. Well, I'll try you.'

Mr. Ginger beckoned to his head waiter.

'Here, Watkins, give this young fellow a chance. Show him what to do and how to do it. He'll work night and mornings. Meals here.'

Joe thanked him, and followed the waiter. Instructed by him, he applied himself to his new work with the determination to do it well.

It was with a bright face that he returned to Mrs. Gray's. 'He took me!' he said. 'I'm to have all my meals! I'll tell you all about it this noon. I'm off for school now, but I'll have time to do things for you every noon. I'm so glad you thought of it!'

'That was a capital idea of Mrs. Gray's,' he thought, on his way to school. Now, the next thing will be to earn a dollar for my rent and something for my schoolbooks, if I have to buy any. I must not call on father for money while I can work.'

As the days went on, Joe kept his eyes open as he walked through the streets. He noticed, the following Saturday, that there was great activity in the markets and grocery stores.

'Two days' supplies,' he thought. 'I wonder if they don't want an extra hand anywheres.'

To think was to act. In the early afternoon Joe applied at several stores. He met with no success. 'I'll not give up,' he thought. 'I'll try till I do get something.'

On the next Saturday he took the streets in a cheaper part of the city. Entering the first store, he made his errand known to the only man in it.

The man shook his head. 'Business don't yield much profit nowadays, and we can't keep two boys.'

'Saturday is a holiday. I'll work from two o'clock to four in the afternoon, and eight to ten, or later, at night, if you'll give me groceries or meat to the value of a dollar and one-half.'

'Well, that's fair, I suppose, and I'll see what my partner says. We do need an extra hand Saturday nights to take out orders in the neighborhood while our clerk is off with the team. Got any references?'

Joe explained his position. 'I've got a letter, sir,' he concluded. 'Mr. Ginger took me on the strength of it. I'm working for him for my board. This money I want for my rent and other things.'

'Well, if you can wait a spell, I'll talk it over with my partner. He's out. There he is now. Give me your letter.'

The few minutes that elapsed seemed hours to Joe, as he waited the decision of the partners.

'Mr. Brown—my name is Thomson—thinks we can try you,' announced Mr. Thomson on his return.

'Oh, thank you, sir! I'll try hard.'

'You'll have to hustle. Saturday's a lively day all round.'

'Yes, sir. Shall I go to work now?'

'Perhaps you may as well. This basket'll be to go out directly.'

'Yes, sir. I'm afraid I shall be slow at first, till I learn the streets round here.'

''Twon't take you long. They're all numbered.'

Joe flew home for a moment that afternoon before he was due at the restaurant, and told Mrs. Gray of his new prospects. 'And I thought—I thought—'

'That I would take the groceries for your room rent, and pay you the other half dollar? Well, I'd as well buy things there as anywhere's else, and you can fetch them home. It'll be real handy.'

'I wish you would let me do more,' said Joe. 'You are very good to me, but you don't let me do enough.'

'I ain't used to you yet. I guess you earn your room already, and you'll have plenty to do when I start the furnace. And I guess you'll think you've got a pretty big contract on your shoulders when the snow comes.'

'It seems as if I ought to do more now,' answered Joe, as he went out.

He felt himself relieved of a heavy burden now. 'It is God's help,' he said reverently.

A task which he had been dreading all the week still lay before him. He had learned to wait on table with accuracy and dispatch. He thought, gratefully, that it was his mother's careful training that made it easy for him. But, as he went back and forth between the table and the kitchen he found it hard to keep the orders in his mind, so difficult did the coming ordeal seem.

He went up to Mr. Ginger's desk the moment his work was done. Asking God for help he stood before him.

'Well!' said Mr. Ginger gruffly, 'what now?'

'I will come to-morrow, sir, but I cannot come another Sunday. I did not know you kept open on Sundays, or I would have told you at first, that I could not work on the Lord's Day.'

'Humph! You'll want your three meals, I take it?'

'Not here, sir. I do not expect seven days' pay for six days' work.'

Mr. Ginger removed his cigar. 'What's to hinder your coming?'

'I go to church, sir, for one thing.'

'What's the other?'

'It is the Lord's Day, sir. It is his command that we do no unnecessary work, and he has taken care of me all my life.'

'Humph! the pious dodge! Off sky-larking, I'll warrant!'

Joe's cheeks grew hot, but he made no response. He stood there a few moments, and then he ventured to ask, 'Shall I go now, sir?'

He awaited Mr. Ginger's reply in much trepidation. He expected to be told that if he refused to work on Sunday his services were not needed. This would mean much, he felt. Mr. Ginger drummed impatiently with his fingers, while he looked scrutinizingly at Joe. At last he spoke. 'Why can't you work on Sunday mornings and noons, and go to church evenings?'

'I cannot work at all on Sunday. I will work to-morrow, as I said, but not again. I have been considering it all week. I cannot do it.'

'Fudge! Nonsense! People must be fed Sundays as much as week-days. Some one must work.'

'I am not compelled to. I cannot, sir. I must do what I think right.'

'Humph! Well,' testily, 'show up to-morrow.'

Joe felt that he was dismissed. He went out quickly, and hurried through the streets to his new place of work.

'I won't give in,' he said to himself. 'I'll do what I think is right, even if he turns me off! God will not let me be a burden upon my father. He will find something for me to do. He has helped me thus far; he will help me all the way. I will not give in!'

Joe was very tired that night, but his heart was filled with a profound sense of God's care for him. Shortened as his hours of slumber were, he awoke refreshed.

He stole softly downstairs and swept the kitchen, the pavement and the outer steps. He then returned to his room and dressed himself in his Sunday suit.

'I had to hurry so last Sunday that I couldn't half listen to the sermon,' he said to himself, 'and if I am careful I shall not spill anything on my clothes.'

Mr. Ginger was at his desk when he entered. He beckoned to him. 'Thought better of it by this time, haven't you?'

'No, sir.'

'Better change your mind than lose your job.'

'I must do what I think is right, sir.'

'S'pose you'd come fast enough if I offered you half-a-dollar! Guess you'd forget about going to church! That's your game! You ain't satisfied with your meals; you want money for your work! I see through your dodge!'

'I am sorry, sir! But it is not on account of money; it is because it is Sunday—God's day of rest.'

'Humph! Well, will a dollar make it right?'

'No, sir. I have told you the truth, sir. And even if I did not care to go I must go to church. I promised my mother, sir, and I must do it.'

'Humph! Why, didn't you say so in the first place?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'Humph! Well, go about your work!' he grunted, savagely.

Uncertain whether he was to remain or not, Joe turned away. The week passed. Saturday night came again, but nothing was said to him, and he ventured to hope that nothing more would be said.

Two weeks, three, four passed, and still he retained his situation. His employer spoke to him occasionally, but no reference was made by him to the Sunday work.

A new perplexity arose after a few weeks. His clothes were beginning to show the effects of work. Joe looked ruefully at the thin places and the soiled. 'Well,' with a cheery bit of a whistle, 'I'll wear them, no matter how they look, before I'll ask father for new ones! They'll last a good while yet, anyway, and I may find something that I can do evenings. I'm pretty tired every night, but I guess I can work an hour or two, if I can get the work.'

He had now so little time at his own disposal that the kind of work which he could do therein seemed impossible. It does not drop into your hands,' he thought, 'you have to hustle round and ask for it.'

Day after day, night after night, he confided his need to God. 'I can wait. God will find something for me. He knows I will do anything that is right and honest.' The thought of the dollar he might have earned seldom troubled him. 'I did right. I should have done wrong if I had taken it,' he told himself.

Two weeks before Christmas Joe's work came to him. His reverent heart acknowledged the gift. 'God's gift!' he said.

Joe had become popular in the school which he attended. His readiness to help others won him many friends. He was, therefore, invited to join a club which some of the boys were forming. He declined at once. 'I can't afford it,' he said. 'Clubs cost money, and I have none to spend in that way, though I'd like to be a member. Besides, I don't have much spare time.'

'It is to be run as cheaply as possible,' said the boy who had been commissioned to invite him. 'We've got a room for our weekly meetings, that's two dollars a week, and we'll have to pay a secretary; there'll be reports and resolutions and all that sort of thing, you know, besides the accounts to audit—but that'll be all the expense, and, as there are to be twenty of us, it won't bear hard on any one. Better think it over.'

'I wish I could! I can't, though. But, well—why can't I be your secretary, if you haven't hired one?'

'I'm chairman. I'll talk it over with the others. How much will you do it for?'

'Your figures will suit me if I can suit you,' said Joe.

'Well, keep mum. I'll let you know later.'

Two days later Joe hurried home at noon. His face was so radiant that Mrs. Gray said, 'Well, you've got some more work, I know!'

'Yes,' said Joe, who had told her of his desire, 'I have. It is just what I shall like, too! It is the writing for the club, and they have offered me two dollars a week!'

'Well, I'm real glad, I'm sure, for you can be easy about everything now.'

Joe looked at the woman who had made her house a veritable home for him, and his heart swelled. 'Yes,' he said, huskily, 'all my needs are provided for now. God has supplied all my wants. He led me to you, and you took me in and helped me by your sympathy and your advice, and he has given me all else—friends in school, food, clothes, furniture, money! Everything! Everything just as he promises!'

'Well, you have been real faithful to me, and God has seen it. But you will work too hard, I'm afraid.

'Oh, no! Saturdays are the hardest, but they're only once a week, and I'm strong. And if I ask God to help me I must do my part.'

'That's so,' assented Mrs. Gray.

'I cannot tell you how thankful I am to you because you took me in,' said Joe. His voice broke suddenly, and with a look of gratitude he left the room.

Mrs. Gray brushed the tears from her eyes as she listened to him ascending the stairs.

'It is I who ought to be grateful that he was sent to me,' she thought. 'His faith in God has strengthened and helped me.'

John and His Minister; or 'A'Canna Mak' Shune' (Shoes).

'A' canna mak' shune but A' ken whan they fit me,'
Replied a plain man to 'a man of the cloth,'
He never was trained in theology, yet he
A difference knew between fodder and froth.

He tackled the minister as to his preaching,
A something it lacked, and was all for the head;
After fancies and phantoms he seemed ever reaching,
While his people sat waiting with hearts to be fed.

'Nae fau't has yer style, sir, tip tap is yer diction,
Ilka sentence is smooth—yer periods roun',
But a wee bit mair p'int micht lead tae conviction,
The sinner arouse frae his slumber sae soun'.

'Why dinna ye feel for yer faimishin' people,
Wha come for a fish, an' ye gi'e them a stane?
By winds blawn aboot like the cock on the steeple,
Ye perplex us wi' quastins ye'd best leave alane.'

'You seem to forget, John, a "layman" should never
Theological knots attempt to untie;
This belongs to the "schools"—men, scholarly, clever,
Are "called" to the task—one of such men am I!'

'As for you of the pews, you ought, without question,
To swallow the pabulum I may serve out;
My doctrine unsound? To the winds the suggestion!
My thought's but in flux, my doubt "honest doubt!"'

Tae a log that is driftin' A' winna commit me,
A' get i' the Book a Rock for ma feet,
A' canna mak' shune, but A' ken when they fit me,
As "the ear trieth words," sae "the mouth tasteth meat." (Job. xxxiv., 3.)

'Owre muckle ye talk aboot "thocht" an' "conception"—
"Revealed" was the Gospel, 'twas never "conceived,"
A' ken o' nae ither but what's a deception—
The ane that Paul preached is the anc A've believed.
(I. Cor. xv., 1-4; Gal. i., 8-12.)

The Deil's gaun aboot noo, lion-like roarin';
Again, he's concealed as the snake in the grass;
As an angel o' licht, heich up he'll be soarin',
It's coonterfeit coin that for him ye wad pass.

'"Excep' they're agreed, can twa walk thegither?"
They canna! an' hence you an' I'd better pairt:
Faur awa hae ye gane frae the God o' yer mither—
Frae whaur ye wad lead, mine's a different airt.'

—D. R. in 'The Christian.'

The Power of Prayer.

A SURE CURE FOR ALL EVIL HABITS.

And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive. Matt. 21: 22.

While always a firm believer in the fundamental truths of Christianity, I have only lately come through an experience that throws a strong light on the fact that the first and most important step in the Divine life is often left untaken till near the journey's end, and that step is simple Trust, or the unconditioned throwing of one's self into the hands of God. A Christian, one day, relating all his trials and misfortunes to a neighbor, said: 'I tell you, Brother Smith, I have tried everything—done my level best, and now I must just trust in the Lord.'

'My! oh, my!' said Bro. Smith, 'and has it come to that?'

Whether the Lord delivered the man who as a last resort trusted in Him, I cannot tell, but the way in which He delivered me when I, too, fled to the last refuge of the baffled soul—simple trust—is worth relating for the simple fact that it can hardly help helping some worn and weary brother pulling hard against the stream.

Some months ago, a series of revival ser-

'I FELT I HAD SINNED BEYOND FORGIVENESS IN GOING BACK TO THE HABIT.'

vices were being held in my neighborhood, and I was cordially invited to attend. The evangelist, besides being an effective preacher, was a man of strong force of character. Some one having doubtless, my good at heart, made him acquainted with the fact that I was one of the most inveterate smokers in California—in fact, that I made a god of my pipe—and the information was literally true. I began the habit when I was eight years of age, and I have kept it up ever since—thirty-six years. More than twenty times I have tried to quit it, not so much that I thought it sinful, but simply because I could not smoke in moderation. Other people can take a smoke and then have done with it for an hour or two, but the moment I had emptied my pipe, I immediately refilled it.

Fifteen pipes was my usual smoking between breakfast and dinner; between dinner and supper I generally had four pipes, and after supper I smoked incessantly until bed time. It was a common question with my visitors, 'Do you ever lay down your pipe at all?'

The result of this inordinate (insane would be a better word) indulgence was extreme nervousness, which at times rendered me miserable. Many a night after retiring, my legs would insist on going for a walk on their own responsibility, and I had to rise and go with them. One night I would fly to quinine as an antidote, another, to whisky. Again, a sudden noise of any kind would send my heart to beating at the rate of eighteen to the dozen. No wonder I tried to quit it! I have even taken the tobacco cures so largely advertised, but all to no effect. So the evangelist got my record, as a record breaker among smokers, and he was told at the same time that if he could only influence me to abandon the habit I might soon become a power for good in the Sunday-school and other Christian agencies. Accordingly, one evening he took the tobacco vice as the theme of his address. He did full justice to his subject, and after he had finished, I felt all the insolation of a leper and everybody (as I thought) seemed to look at me with a I-am-holier-than-thou sort of look in their eye.

Later on, while some questions were being asked and answered, I took occasion to ask the preacher how he reconciled the marvelous work done by Spurgeon, of England, with the fact that he was an inveterate smoker, and that he often said, publicly, that he smoked to the glory of God.

'Yes,' said the preacher, 'but Spurgeon was an exceptional case, besides, he was a man of different build and temperament from you.' And then he went on: 'Now, honestly, brother, don't you admit that smoking is injuring you?'

'Yes.'

'Don't you feel convinced that it's wrong for you to continue the habit?'

'Yes, but I can't quit it.'

'You believe in prayer, don't you?'

'Yes.'

Then calling a minister who was in the room, they both knelt beside me, both prayed, and at their request I prayed, too—not that I had much faith in this mode of procedure, for I firmly believed that the days of such a miracle as my conversion from tobacco were past and gone.

That night I went to bed without smoking. Next day, I felt a want of something, but I persuaded myself it wasn't tobacco. A week passed, and I was still a free man; then a day came, and the mail brought me news of a financial loss, and towards evening my horse ran away and reduced my new buggy to match-wood. That night, I thought of my pipe, and the question suggested itself, 'I wonder could I smoke if I tried?'

I tried, and for a week and more I made up for lost time. A sudden and acute illness called a halt, and brought a member of the Salvation Army to ask how I was getting on. I told him of my tobacco cure, and how I had begun the habit again. He said he had been 'cured by prayer, too,' asked if I would join him in an earnest request to God that my appetite for tobacco might be again taken away?

This time, I joined in the prayer with all my heart. I felt that I had sinned beyond forgiveness in going back to the habit from which I had been so marvelously delivered, and I feared that God would punish me by leaving me to struggle against it myself in future. I mentioned this fear to my visitor, and his reply was, 'You have nothing to do with it. Commit the whole thing to God, don't worry trying to keep yourself from it. God will do that. You have only to trust, He will do the keeping.'

A few days after, I was convalescent, and all craving for tobacco seemed plucked out by the roots, and plucked out for ever. Like all who have abandoned the insidious vice, I have improved physically and spiritually. I have been vouchsafed a full, clear, and beautiful insight into those words in the first epistle general of Peter, 'Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. W. J. Thompson, L.L. D., Clair, Cal. in the 'Ram's Horn.'

The Old Question.

It was in the late autumn of 189— In the little town of C—— revival fires were burning brightly. Two evangelists, young men wholly given up to the Lord and manifestly filled with his Spirit, by prayer and song and sermon and exhortation, were pleading mightily the cause of Christ and his salvation.

The members of the church and of the other churches in the place were deeply moved, and many sought and obtained the new and blessed experience of heart purity.

Many souls were under deep conviction, among them several of the high school students. The superintendent, Prof. Hartwell, and the principal, Miss Wayne, were zealous Christian workers. Very dear to them were these young people with whom their lives were associated day by day. As they watched them, halting between two opinions, they went quietly to one and another, and gently urged an immediate decision.

Among the students was Cora Lynn, a bright, vivacious girl of sixteen. She had not been reared in a Christian home, and had given these matters but little thought. Now, however, she could think of little else. The tender, earnest appeals for full surrender to Jesus, the songs that seemed like tender messages from on high, and the glad testimonies of those who had found the great light, impressed her strangely, as nothing had ever done before. She was conscious of the unfolding and reaching out of her spiritual nature in a great longing for him, the light of the world.

Still she would not yield. She would wait, she said to herself, and see how these others held out. Miss Wayne was watching her. She knew her nature well enough to seek an opportune moment for the word she wished to speak. And one evening, as the invitation was given with even more than the usual pleading tenderness, and Miss Wayne saw that Cora was indeed 'almost persuaded,' she went to her, and taking her hands in her own, spoke the words she had been longing to say, and a moment later led her weeping to the altar.

When Cora Lynn rose from the altar that night life seemed to her a new thing, a sacred thing, to be wholly given to the service of the Lord. She almost dreaded to go out from that place, lest contact with the world should bring with it profanation of her new-found happiness. But as the days went on she learned that her experience had in it something abiding. It was, indeed, like a well of living water, springing up within.

She had always admired Miss Wayne; now she felt that she loved her, more even, she sometimes feared, than she did her own mother, for her mother could not help her in her Christian life.

Weeks passed. The evangelists had gone. Pastor and people had continued the meetings for some time, but the weariness of the flesh at last prevailed, and the services fell back into the usual routine. But results were apparent everywhere. The lecture-room, which had formerly looked so empty to the few who had gathered there for the weekly prayer-meeting, was quite too small to hold the numbers that came. The readiness in prayer and testimony was a joy to the pastor's heart.

There was a different atmosphere in the school-room—an earnestness and attention to work, where before had been little breezes and ripples of mischief on very slight pretexts.

And best of all, in many, many homes was a higher, purer standard of living as a result of this 'troubling of the waters.'

But it is particularly with the school that my story deals.

In January came the first fall of snow suffi-

cient for sleighing. The sophomore class had been waiting for weeks for this opportunity to hold their regular semi-monthly social at the home of one of their number, who lived 'out in the country.' So it was arranged that on Friday night the long anticipated visit should be made. A sleigh-ride of five miles, with the moon at its full, was a most delightful prospect.

Miss Wayne was invited to accompany them. The girls declared it would be 'no fun at all' if she didn't go, and Miss Wayne, much pleased with this proof of devotion, gladly accepted the invitation.

Wednesday night it grew decidedly warmer. Thursday morning the snow was melting rapidly. The sophomores' faces lengthened.

'I tell you what,' said Hal Wheaton at the morning intermission, 'there's only one thing about it; if we get out to Colgrove's we've got to go to-night.'

'That's so' assented Frank Harper. 'At this rate the road will be nothing but mud by noon to-morrow.'

'I'll run over to the stable at noon, and tell Williams we want the team to-night, then. How'll that do, girls? Will you be ready?' Hal asked, turning to a group of the girls who stood near.

Cora Lynn was one of them. She had anticipated so much enjoyment from this sleigh-ride. She had never been out to Mr. Colgrove's, and she and Belle were such good friends. How could she give it up.

But the prayer-meeting. Had she not promised that Christ should ever be first in all her plans? She was about to speak, then she looked at Miss Wayne.

'Miss Wayne won't go,' whispered one of the girls. 'She always goes to prayer-meeting Thursday evenings.' And Cora waited, feeling that it would be easier to refuse after Miss Wayne had said, as she felt sure she would: 'I am sorry, but I cannot go with you to-night. I have a standing engagement for Thursday evenings.'

Miss Wayne also had been looking forward to Friday evening. It promised to be such a pleasant occasion. Belle Colgrove was one of her favorites, though Miss Wayne tried not to have favorites among the students. She had wished to visit her in her home, but as yet had not found opportunity.

How surprised Cora Lynn was, and she hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry, when Hal asked, 'Can you go to-night, Miss Wayne?' to hear her answer, 'Under ordinary circumstances I should say no, but this seems to be an unusual occasion, and I think I will go.'

Hal Wheaton had been several times during the revival almost on the point of deciding to live for Christ, but he also had thought he would wait and see how the others held out before committing himself. He thought it over that noon as he went to see about the conveyance, with a dim idea that he would have felt more respect for religion if Miss Wayne at least had given prayer-meeting the preference.

It was apparently a very merry party that sped singing, shouting and laughing up the street that evening, as the church bells were ringing their call to prayer.

A few days later Cora Lynn came over, as she often does, to 'talk things over' with me, and she told me about the sleigh-ride.

'Oh, we had the jolliest time,' she said.

'I met your load as I was going down to prayer-meeting,' I said. 'You seemed to be having a merry time.'

Cora's face flushed. 'I saw you on the walk,' she answered, 'and for a minute I really wished I was with you. But you know we had to go that night or not at all. And Miss Wayne is such a good Christian; of course she wouldn't have gone if it hadn't been all right.

'But you would have been just surprised to see Miss Wayne,' she went on. 'You know she is always so dignified, but that night she behaved just like one of us girls. Hal Wheaton said to me as we were walking home from school Friday afternoon: "Why, I didn't think Miss Wayne could be so silly. Well, I can tell her one thing, she will never put on any more of her high-toned dignity with me in the school-room," and he nodded his head as if it that was settled.'

I notice since then that Cora finds so many things in the way of her attendance at prayer-meeting. A lesson to learn, a slight headache, a bit of embroidery or crochet that ought to be finished, or some other little thing that once would have been no hindrance at all.

I hear, too, that in some unaccountable way Miss Wayne seems to have lost her knack of managing the students. Her discipline was always so admirable, I am told, and she was so gentle and kind, too. But now she has lost control, and has frequent recourse to fault-finding and sarcasm, with the natural result that matters are made worse.

And as I think of these things, there recurs to my mind the question asked by one of the world's first inhabitants and repeated by countless thousands since:

'Am I my brother's keeper?'—'Michigan Advocate.'

Paul Chester's Mistake.

(Mrs. M. A. Holt.)

'Paul Chester is a model young man. No one can criticize his daily life in any respect. He is pure gold, if such a term may be used to express human goodness. In fact, he lives as pure a life as any Christian in town, and yet he does not belong to a church, or even make a profession of religion.'

This and many other similar things were said of Paul Chester during the revival work in the railroad town of C——. It was all true in a general sense, for the young man did live a moral and upright life, and stood before the community without reproach. He had never confessed Christ as his personal Saviour, or sought for admission into the Church of God, although his pleasant face was always seen in the sanctuary whenever it was possible for him to be there.

Paul worked as a brakeman in the train, and possessed a great influence over the railway boys, and his very presence always held them in check. A look, smile, or wave of the hand from him often won them to his standard of right.

The young brakeman attended the special meetings almost every evening, as C—— was the end of his railway route, and several others of the trainmen went with him. From the first he seemed deeply impressed with the truth and once raised his hand for the prayers of Christians. But he did not take the decided stand for Christ that Christian people were hoping he would, and so remained the same quiet and yet interested listneer, which he was at first.

Mr. Hall, the pastor of the church, had appealed several times to the railway boys to accept the Saviour. They were evidently deeply impressed by the truth, and felt their great need of Christ and his love. Yet some of them tried to argue that there was no need of making a public confession, and then pointed to Paul Chester and his pure life, saying that he was 'one of them.'

Thus matters went on for some time, while the meetings deepened in interest. The pastor made a final appeal to the 'railway boys' and urged the necessity of taking a decided position for Christ. 'If you love the Saviour let the world know it,' he said to Paul who answered:

'I do love him, I have always loved him; but I want to be sure that he has accepted me before I profess to the world to be a Christian. I don't want to make any mistake in so great a matter.'

'If you love Christ, confess him and do not wait a moment,' the pastor entreated.

'The boys would expect more of me, and if I did not come up to their expectations it would be worse than if I made no profession at all,' the tempted young man reasoned.

The faithful pastor pleaded long and earnestly with Paul and his friends. Charlie Ryan, another brakeman, said,

'If one can live a good life without confessing to be a Christian, another can. All of us railway boys are trying to leave off our rough ways and imitate Paul Chester,' and Charlie Ryan looked as though he himself was almost a Christian.

'Take Christ as your example and not Paul.' It may be sometimes as necessary to confess the Saviour with the lips as with the life,' was urged.

Just then the familiar words of a sweet hymn rang out, filling the church with melody. Paul Chester's clear voice was heard in the inspiring music.

'Surely the young man must be very near the Kingdom, if not really in it,' some one said that evening after looking a moment at the bright, earnest face of the brakeman.

Several started upon their heavenly journey that evening, but Paul Chester and his friends still retained their false position. Other evenings came and went, and yet there was no change, and it began to look as though the same condition of things would remain until the special meetings should close.

One morning Paul started as usual for his work after kissing his mother and sister a gay 'good-bye.' As he went toward the station his pleasant voice was heard singing, 'I am so glad that Jesus loves me.'

Mr. Hall chanced to hear the sweet song and said, 'Yes, Paul can sing it all right, and yet he will not confess the fact in the common way,' and a silent prayer went up to God that the young man might soon confess the Saviour by earnest, loving testimony.

That afternoon, just a short time before the train was due, news was received that an accident had occurred at the station below, in which Paul Chester was crushed while coupling cars. Men and women rushed to the little depot and with blanched faces waited for the train that would bring him, but whether dead or alive remained to be known.

A physician was in waiting when the train came, but as he glanced at the pale face and found a fluttering pulse, he said,

'Alive, but that is about all.'

Paul was tenderly borne to his home and then he rallied sufficiently to be conscious. The railway boys had all followed and stood with bowed heads in the room. The dying brakeman looked around and seemed to comprehend the scene, as he said:

'I guess it is almost over, boys, but I must rectify the mistake that I made in not confessing Christ, I must do so before I go.'

He tried to lift his mangled arm, but could not.

'Charlie, lift up my hand,' he feebly said.

His arm was raised, and he began:

'I be—lieve on the Lord—Jesus—Christ—He—has forgiven—my sins. Boys—accept—him—and confess——'

The sentence was not finished for Paul was dead.

The boys were all silent until Charlie Ryan who was still clasping the uplifted hand, said in a firm voice:

'Boys, I am going to take Paul's advice.'

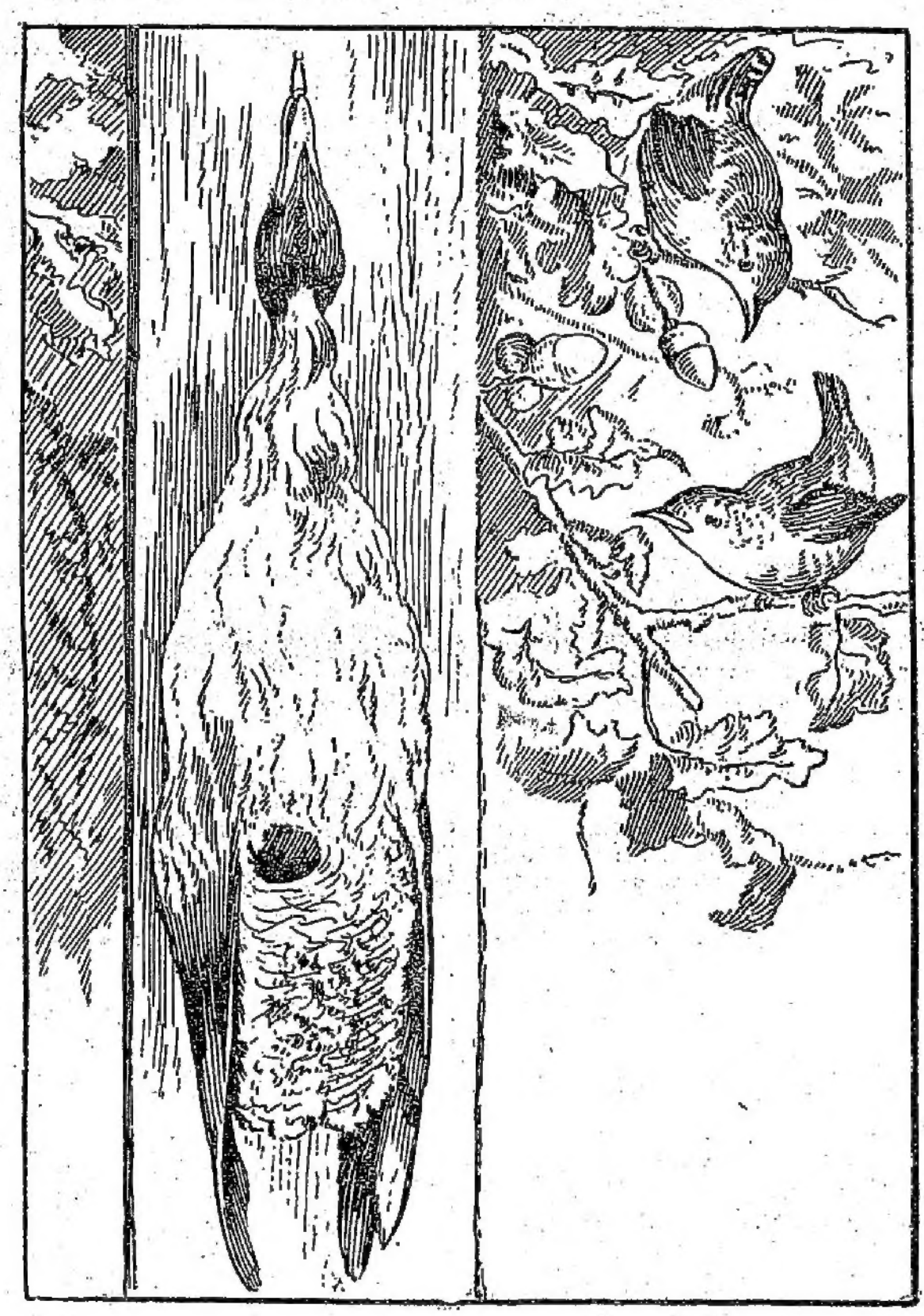
Just then Mr. Hall came in and knelt by the side of the dead. The boys knelt too, and when the prayer was ended, tears were coursing down their smoke-begrimed faces.

The weeping mother was comforted when it came to her, that by Paul's death they would be led to the Saviour and accept his dear love.—'Northern Christian Advocate.'

A Wren's Strange Nest.

(By Agnes Bailey Ormsbee in 'Good Cheer.')

Not many springs ago Roger Ellis met a gentleman from the city who was hunting in the region of Roger's home. Roger lived on a farm not far from a small village where the stranger was boarding. The village was located in a broad valley in the Green Mountains, where the mountains stretched away on either side as far as eye could see. The foothills which lead up to the mountains were heavy with trees and tangled with underbrush where the wild birds loved to hide during the summer season, and they gave safe shelter in winter and autumn to myriads of four-footed creatures—wild rabbits, chipmunks, woodchucks, and now and then a sly fox.



A WREN'S STRANGE NEST

Roger loved this valley, and knew every nook and corner of the hills and even far up the mountain-sides. It was a great trial to him to go to school. The long hours in the schoolroom seemed endless to him, and worse than all he could not keep his mind on the multiplication table. While he was orderly and obedient, he was a constant vexation to his teacher, a young woman from a neighboring farm, who could not comprehend why Roger could not remember that six times nine were fifty-four. This was the way Roger studied:

'Six times nine are fifty-four, six times nine are sixty-four, six times —I wonder if that trap in the cedar swamp is set or not? I'll ask mother to let me go and look at it after I have filled the woodbox. There! I am sure I saw a squirrel on the stone wall. Yes; I did, and there he goes. I'll look after him—six times seven are fifty-four. Oh, dear! where was I?'

Do you think it strange that Roger did not make a brilliant record in the arithmetic class? But you should have seen his face shine when his teacher in her efforts to teach 'nature studies,' as she had been directed at the village academy, would talk to the school about animal life and read to them books on birds and animals which she got out of the town library. It was when this talk began that Roger led the school. He was just like Whittier's 'Barefoot Boy.' He knew

'Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood.'

He knew every tree and bush and vine and flower in the region. Not the botanical names and species always, to be sure, though he made some pretty shrewd guesses as to the relationship of the apple and the raspberry, the blackberry and the garden currants, the Jack-in-the-pulpits and his mother's treasured calla lily. He knew the birds by their notes as well as by sight, and he had trapped every four-footed animal in the region and could tell you all about him.

This spring that he met the stranger was quite a red-letter time to him for several reasons. This Mr. Stebbins was the curator of a large museum in Boston, and he had come there to get specimens of several kinds of birds which he was to stuff and mount, so as to make the museum's collection more complete in native birds. Especially did he wish to capture a male hermit thrush. This is one of the shyest birds in our country. He lives in the deep forest, and builds his nest so cunningly that it is seldom discovered.

Now, it was nothing strange that Roger in his almost daily visits to the woods, searching for flowers and hunting that he might watch the old birds build their nests, should meet Mr. Stebbins, and Mr. Stebbins knew just what kind of a boy Roger was before he had talked with him ten minutes, because he had been the same kind of a boy himself. Roger was a happy boy now, for here was some one who really earned his living doing the kind of things he loved to do, and studying outdoor life, which was the best thing in the world to him. Fortunately, too, Roger's father and mother took the same view of the matter as he did. They saw his heart was in the study of nature, and they were wise

enough not to try to compel him to be a different boy from what he was. Mr. Stebbins encouraged Roger to try to learn arithmetic, because he would need it when he got out in the world and was trying to earn his living. If he did not, he told him, people would take advantage of his carelessness and ignorance.

So Roger went at his books with new zeal, and out of school he was always trying to find something rare for his new friend. The year before he had heard a hermit thrush far up on the mountain-side, and so one Saturday he and his friend climbed to the same place. Great was their joy when they heard those liquid sweet and tender notes, never to be confused with those of any other bird. Of course it took days of watching on Mr. Stebbins' part when Roger was in school, but at last he saw the dainty singer and secured him for his collection. He told Roger that he owed this good fortune to him, and as a reward would show him how to stuff birds. So Roger spent many happy hours learning how to skin the birds and to prepare them to stuff. It was very careful work not to break the skin or tear the plumage. When he could do this tolerably he was shown how to stuff and mount them in as life-like a position as possible.

One day his father told him that one of the ducks in the barnyard had been accidentally killed, and asked him if he would like to try to stuff it.

'Oh, may I?' exclaimed Roger. 'I'll go out and look at it right off!'

'Better wait till morning,' said his father. 'I hung it up on the post in the back shed, the one near the oak tree, and I reckon it will be safe.'

As Roger had a lesson to learn, and his nightly chores to do, he thought his father's suggestion wise, although it did seem a long time to wait.

In the morning he overslept and had to hurry off to school without a single look at his duck, so that it was late in the afternoon before he found a minute to spare. When he went out into the back cow-shed, there was the duck sure enough, but his bright eyes spied something more. On the branch of the oak-tree were two little wrens, and they were chattering and balancing themselves and hopping about in the liveliest fashion. Then one flew to the duck a moment and was off in a second. In another second back flew the lively bird and brought a whisp of straw. The mate understood the situation and after a chirp which seemed to say, 'Yes, I think it wil make a nice home,' she took the straw and went to work.

Back and forth the busy little creatures flew, bringing twigs and hairs, bits of feather and ravels of thread. Roger watched them in silence and then turned thoughtfully away. He wanted that duck to stuff badly, and yet he could not bear the thought of breaking up that little home. He talked the matter over with his mother, and finally agreed that it would be cruel to tear out the nest, and besides he would have the finest possible chance to see how a baby wren was fed and brought up and trained to fly. Mr. Stebbins, too, thought the same, and besides told him a duck was too big for him to manage in stuffing. He said this nest was the queerest one he ever saw, and made a rough pencil sketch of it for Roger to keep.

Roger is still at school, for he is studying hard to become an educated naturalist, as his kind friend urged him to become. He watches birds and bees and flowers just the same, and is keeping records of what he sees to use when he gets older. He has learned to draw, and makes neat sketches of his birds before stuffing, so that in his 'business career,' as he fondly calls it himself, he can show every one all about them. His birds, squirrels and so forth, go to museums, not to ladies' hats.

Bud Blankets.

(Helen Stirling in 'The Westminster.')

Little Doris is not yet six years old. She is the only little girl in her home. She loves her mother dearly, and was delighted when she was told one day last week that she might go shopping with her mamma.

Mamma had no nurse to care for Doris, so the little girl knew quite well where her pretty frock and little red coat lay hidden away from the dust.

She buttoned her own boots and helped mamma in so many ways, that they were ready to start quite early. She ran with her little red coat that mamma might put it on, and was very much surprised and pleased when mamma said, 'I've been thinking Doris that you may go without your little coat to-day; the day is so warm and bright.'

'Just wear my frock, mamma? and my bonnet? and my gloves?'

'Yes, dear, the days for the little red coat have passed for this year.'

Now, what do you suppose little Doris did with her pretty red coat? She just dropped it on the floor, and forgot all about it, and as mamma had left the room there it lay. Poor little red coat!

Mamma and Doris lived up town, and had to walk down a street called Maple avenue on which there were a great many trees.

As they turned down this avenue Doris began to hop about like a little sparrow.

'Oh, mamma,' she cried, 'look at those nasty little brown fings on the sidewalk; they will soil my pretty shoes.'

'Why, no, dear,' said mamma; 'these little brown things are blankets, and quite clean.'

'Blankets, mamma, really blankets?'

'Yes, dear, bud blankets. Look above you; see these little green leaves just unfolding. A day or two ago they were all fast asleep snugly tucked in between these little brown blankets. Yesterday the sun shone so warmly and the birds sang so sweetly that the little buds began to stir, and tossed open the blankets. See,' said mamma, as she caught a branch in her hand, 'here are some leaves just awaking. The blankets are about them still, but tossed open; here are some just falling off, and here are some little buds without any wraps, and here are some lazy little buds still fast asleep.'

'Kind old Mother Nature, who tucked them in so snugly, is now calling to them and to the flowers to waken. She has all her shopping done and has quite ready all material for the pretty gowns for her little folk and her big folk too—green for the leaves, pink, blue, crimson, and gold for the flowers, while we have not enough for one little maid.'

'Where does she get the colors, mamma, and how does she make their frocks?'

'That I must tell you some other time, dear, for here we are at the great store where I must buy your frock.'

'Don't forget that leaves are like little girls sometimes. Where did you leave your little red coat, Doris?'

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 27.

Returning From Captivity.

Ezra i., 1-11. Memory verses, 2-4. Read Ezra ii., 64-70.

Golden Text.

'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'—Psa. cxxvi., 3.

Home Readings.

M. Ezra i. Returning from Captivity.
T. Ezra ii., 1 and 64-70. Returning captives.
W. Jer. xxix., 10-14. The word of Jeremiah.
T. Isa. xliv., 21-28. Prophecy of return.
F. Isa. lxi. Proclamation of liberty.
S. Isa. ii., 9-16. Joy of redemption.
S. Psalm cvii., 1-15. Praise for deliverance.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—1. Now in the first year of Cy'rus king of Per'sia, that the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jer-e-mi'ah might be fulfilled, the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cy'rus king of Per'sia, that he made a proclamation throughout all his kingdom, and put it also in writing, saying,

School.—2. Thus saith Cy'rus king of Per'sia, The Lord God of heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth; and he hath charged me to build him an house at Je-ru'sa-lem, which is in Ju'dah.

3. Who is there among you of all his people? his God be with him, and let him go up to Je-ru'sa-lem, which is in Ju'dah, and build the house of the Lord God of Is'ra-el, (he is the God,) which is in Je-ru'salem.

4. And whosoever remaineth in any place where he sojourneth, let the men of his place help him with silver, and with gold, and with goods, and with beasts, beside the freewill offering for the house of God that is in Je-ru'sa-lem.

5. Then rose up the chief of the fathers of Ju-dah and Ben'ja-min, and the priests, and the Le-vites, with all them whose spirit God had raised, to go up to build the house of the Lord which is in Je-ru'sa-lem.

6. And all they that were about them strengthened their hands with vessels of silver, with gold, with goods, and with beasts, and with precious things, beside all that was willingly offered.

7. Also Cy'rus the king brought forth the vessels of the house of the Lord, which Neb-u-chad-nez'zar had brought forth out of Je-ru'sa-lem, and had put them in the house of his gods;

8. Even those did Cy'rus king of Persia bring forth by the hand of Mith're-dath the treasurer, and numbered them unto Sheshbaz'zar, the prince of Ju'dah.

9. And this is the number of them: thirty chargers of gold, a thousand chargers of silver, nine and twenty knives.

10. Thirty basons of gold, silver basons of a second sort four hundred and ten, and other vessels a thousand.

11. All the vessels of gold and of silver were five thousand and four hundred. All these did Shesh-baz'zar bring up with them of the captivity that were brought up from Bab'y-lon unto Je-ru'sa-lem.

Suggestions.

The prophecies which we have been studying, the promises of the return of the exiles to their own land, began to be fulfilled in the first year of Cyrus king of Persia. About this time Daniel, in studying the prophecies of Jeremiah understood that the seventy years of captivity (Jer. xxv., 12), were almost at an end (Dan. x., 2).

So Daniel prayed and fasted before God, confessing the sins of his people and pleading because of God's great mercy, the fulfilment of the prophecies. Probably Daniel also shewed to Cyrus the word spoken of him by Isaiah some two hundred years before (Isa. xliv., 28; xiv., 1-7, 13). Cyrus declared plainly that the Lord God had spoken to him bidding him build a temple at Jerusalem for the worship and glory of Jehovah. For this reason he made a proclamation through all his domains bidding the true-hearted men of Israel return to their own country and build at Jerusalem the house of their God. Also bidding the people among whom they had dwelt to assist in every way the return of the exiles to their homes.

Then the 'chief of the fathers of Judah and Benjamin,' and the priests and the Levites and all the choicest men from among the captives gladly rose at the call of the Lord through Cyrus and set out for their own land with hope and praise. About fifty thousand returned at this time, forty-two thousand, three hundred and sixty freemen, and over seven hundred servants. The people of the land helped them with money, horses, mules and camels and precious things.' With them went the Tirshatha or governor, Jerubbabel, who seems to have been the same as Sheshbazar.

The sacred vessels belonging to the Temple which Nebuchadnezzar had brought from Jerusalem at the time of the second captivity had been preserved through the long years, and were now given to the governor to carry back to the temple.

It has been pointed out that the captivity and exile of the Jews in Chaldea was the means of sifting and refining the nation as nothing else could have done. God allowed them to be taken captive because of their disobedience to him, but he made the punishment a blessing to them. The Chaldean culture and learning was an education to the Jews who had lived so exclusively in their own land. Their sympathies were broadened by the contact with men of other thoughts. The captivity gave to the Jews a longing for their own God and his worship, it taught them the need of praying and studying the Scriptures as they would not have learned it had they remained unpunished by God in their own land. Some of the most noble and beautiful books of prophecy and praise were written in this period.

'Ezra was a Jewish scribe, a Levite, and descendant of Aaron.' He was born about B.C. 495, and lived seventy or eighty years. He brought another band of the exiles home about eighty years later than the return described in the first chapter of his book.

Lesson Hymn.

On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

Peace and joy shall now attend thee:
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

—T. Kelly.

The Bible Class.

'The captivity of sin.'—Rom. vi., 16, 20; vii., 23-25; viii., 20-22. John viii., 32-36.

C. E. Topic.

Aug. 27.—Green pastures; the Christian's pleasures.—Ps. xxxiii., 1-6.

Junior C. E.

Aug. 27.—God sees us: how should we live? Prov. xv., 3, 8, 9, 18, 26, 29.

She was a discouraged Sunday-school teacher. Her class did not flourish to her satisfaction. The fault was not due to lack of preparation, for she spent hours each week over the lesson. To be sure she received respectful attention, but somehow the truths she tried to interpret and enforce did not seem to be getting a grip on the hearts and consciences of her pupils. The other Sunday she came home quite in despair, and though a woman of large intellectual resources and of warm spiritual life she was ready to conclude that she was not designed for a Sunday-school teacher. That very evening one of the men in the class, quite independent in his thinking and never particularly responsive before to her appeals, came to her and said that he and his wife were intending to join the church at the next communion. This turned the tide. Here at least was fruit from months of patient effort. To have led one soul to take a step that marked definite progress in the spiritual life filled her with high hope and new enthusiasm. Toil on, faithful teachers everywhere. You know not how soon you may reach the goal.—'Occident.'

Tobacco Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XII.—MISCELLANEOUS EFFECTS.

1. Q.—What does Dr. Richardson say of the disturbances caused by using tobacco?

A.—That smoking disturbs the blood, the stomach, the mucous membrane of the mouth, the heart, the organs of sense, the brain, and the nerves.

2. Q.—What did a celebrated medical Professor say of the above?

A.—That this did not leave very much of a man but his *hair* and *bones*.

3. Q.—What does Dr. Gibbons say of tobacco and alcohol as medicinal agents?

A.—'First: both tobacco and alcohol being active medicinal agents must be injurious to the healthy body.

Second: 'Neither of them can be useful as a medicine to persons accustomed to them in health. For the abstainer, and for him alone have they any healing virtue in sickness.'

4. Q.—Give an example of excessive smoking.

A.—Lorenzo and Siro Delmonico, the famous New York caterers, are among those who have died from the use of tobacco. Dr. Wood says of the latter, 'I have known him to smoke one hundred cigars a day.'

5. Q.—How has life repeatedly been destroyed?

A.—By drinking a tea of from twenty to thirty grains of tobacco for relieving spasms.

6. Q.—What celebrated French poet came to his death through tobacco?

A.—Santeuil. He died from drinking a glass of wine in which some snuff had been mixed.

7. Q.—How can you prove that the use of tobacco does not aid digestion?

A.—After laying aside the habitual use of tobacco, most people experience an increase of appetite and of digestive energy, and gain flesh.

8. Q.—How can you prove that tobacco using does not prevent infectious and epidemic diseases?

A.—In Havanna, in 1833, one-eight of the population, which was one hundred and twenty thousand, was killed by cholera in a few weeks.

Dr. Moore, of Yucatan, Mexico, states that the city of Campeachy lost the fourth of its inhabitants in thirty days. The people of both these places are inveterate users of tobacco.

9. Q.—Are the worst effects of tobacco using seen immediately?

A.—To one using tobacco they are not. Like small-pox and hydrophobia, tobacco mingles with the blood, and circulates with it for some time, before the effects are perceived or developed.

10. Q.—How does the habit affect a man's sense of propriety?

A.—He is cautious at first, but gradually loses that nice sense of propriety which marks the true gentleman in all the relations of life.

11. Q.—What effect does tobacco have on the energy of the user?

A.—It weakens the energy, causes a love for indolence, and deadens the voice of conscience.

12. Q.—What effect does its use have upon the disposition?

A.—It makes a man selfish, so that he does not care whether he annoys others or not. He will often rudely puff tobacco smoke in the face of ladies with entire indifference.

13. Q.—Would people be likely to use tobacco as they do if they could see how and where it is manufactured?

A.—If people could see the loathsome places in which much of the tobacco they use is manufactured, they would recoil, ere befouling themselves with matter thus prepared by filthy hands, in filthier dens, by a most filthy process.

14. Q.—What mode of using tobacco is said to be purely an American custom?

A.—That of chewing, and foreigners are quick to notice this filthy habit. Among

other nations the cigar and pipe are more commonly used.

15. Q.—How must the use of tobacco and alcoholic liquor be stopped?

A.—It must be stopped abruptly, perseveringly and totally. It is seldom possible to quit its use by degrees.

A Prize of $10,000.

Is offered by the North of Scotland Malt Distillers to chemists of any nationality who succeed in discovering a method of purifying their waste products, as they have been prohibited from emptying them into streams.

It is always a difficult matter to know what to do with organic matter when corrupted and decayed. The problem is as stiff as that of deodorizing the sewage of a city.

But a far more difficult problem is that of purifying the products of the distillery of another kind, which are emptied into the stream of human life, and which is foul and fatal to the life of the spirit.

We have never heard of a reward offered for such a discovery, which mocks the chemists' skill. Compared with the achievement of such a feat the philosopher's stone, whose touch was to transmute all it touched into gold, or the elixir of life, a draught of which was to confer unfading youth, or the purification of 'waste products,' as per advertisement already quoted, would be merest child's play.

And yet the distillery, by a law which strains at a gnat and swallows a camel, is forbidden to pollute the stream where fishes live and cattle drink and allowed to poison the river of life, which has its source in God, which holds on its course through the generations of mankind, and which issues in the sea of glass mingled with fire, or the gloomy lake in the abodes of nether gloom. —'Irish Temperance League Journal.'

A Stitch in Time.

RECITATION FOR SIX GIRLS.

First Girl:

Listen, listen to my rhyme:
Mind you take a stitch in time,—
Wait not till the rent increases,
Almost dropping into pieces,—
Mend it quickly, don't you wait,—
Never leave it till too late.

Second Girl:

Thread your needle, yes, that's right!
Take your thimble sparkling bright!
Little thimble always ready,
Busy needle, hand so steady,—
Set the stitch that's needed now;
Idle ways we can't allow.

Third Girl:

No, for Temperance folk are we,
All believing (as you see),—
In beginning at the right time;
And for Temperance that's the bright time,—
Time of childhood golden—fair,—
Time of evil to beware.

Fourth Girl:

Cure is good, of all things ill,
But Prevention's better still;
So in spring of life so early,
When our little heads are curly,
And our faces all are gay,
Temperance girls we stand to-day!

Fifth Girl:

Always be in time, my dears,—
This will save you many tears,—
'By-and-bye' is quite misleading;
Up to do whate'er is needing;
For a stitch in time, say we,
Shows good sense and industry.

Sixth Girl:

If in childhood we are found
In the way with blessing crown'd,—
On the side of hope and beauty,
On the side of right and duty,
Then to Temperance truth we'll hold,
Even when we're, oh, so old!

All:

Take a stitch in time, we cry!
Don't you wait for 'by-and-bye';
Drink is causing shame and sinning,—
Now a Temperance life beginning,
Keep the pledge unbroken still,
Working hard to mend the ill!

—'Temperance Record.'

Correspondence

Manitoulin Isle, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm with my mamma. My papa is in Minnesota. We are going to Minnesota too. I have three pets: I have a kitten, her name is Minnie, I have a little dog, his name is Major, I have a pet hen, and she is nine years old; she lays every day, and she has never hatched a chicken. I call her Brownie. I was at Sunday-school when I first received the 'Messenger; I think it is a very nice paper. I like to read the correspondence.

WATTA V. R. (aged 12).

Olds, Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I see letters from other children in the 'Messenger,' but none from this part of Alberta. I and my brother Harry are going to school; we have five miles miles to go, but we drive two horses in a buckboard. I have two brothers and two sisters. My brother is in the second part and I am in the third reader. Our teacher's name is Mr. Adshead; he teaches us music; he has got his organ at school. We have a football, and we take it to school some days, and we have good fun with it, and other days we play baseball. The Rosebud Creek is about a quarter of a mile from our place. We have got a dam across it, and it was washed away this spring, but we built it again to hold water for our cattle and horses.

ROBERT J. C. (aged 11).

Milton, Queen's Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—The children in the fifth and sixth grades in my school have been reading the 'Northern Messenger,' and they have been quite interested in the correspondence. Would it be asking too much of you to insert the three following letters in your paper. There were quite a number who wrote, but these three I have selected as the best. From their teacher, E. COLLIE.

Milton.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and I am in the fifth book. We have a cow and lots of hens. I have four sisters and two brothers. My oldest brother's name is Arthur, and my oldest sister is Sadie. I have a cat; his name is Robie. We all go to Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger;' I think it is very nice, and I like to read the letters. This is the first I have written to the 'Messenger.'

LAURA P. K. (aged 10).

Milton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' in Sunday-school, and we are reading it in school. I have three pets, a kitten named Joe, a horse named Dolly, and forty-eight chickens and two turkeys. I have never written a letter to the 'Messenger' before.

JEANIE L. K. (aged 11).

Milton.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write you a letter. I go to school nearly every day, and I have a nice teacher. We have ten hens and seven chickens and one pig. We have quite a large school. Holidays will be soon here. I am in the fifth grade. I like to go to school very much. We get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday. I like to read the correspondence in the 'Northern Messenger.'

MARY L. (aged 12.)

Hartshorn, Minn.

Dear Editor,—I have three dolls and one cat named Dot. We have a pet crow and a pet lamb named Bess. I have two house plants. ELSIE W. (aged 6).

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I saw so many letters in the 'Northern Messenger' that I thought I would write and see one of my own. It has fine stories in it. I have kept all the numbers. I do not know who sent it to me; the first one came on Feb. 3, 1 p.m. I go to school. School does not close till June 24. There is an inland park here which is called Belle Isle. The boats go there.

KIRKLAND T. (aged 10).

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for about two years. I get it at Sunday-school. I have taken several Sunday-school papers, but I did not get one I liked so well as the 'Messenger.' I read the correspondence, and I am glad to know you have so many little folks to think so much of your paper. I have five brothers and one sister. We go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger' and cards. At Sunday-school we have three teachers, Mr. Frank Burgess, Mrs. Bartley, and Mrs. McKay. I like to go to Sunday-school. We have thirty going to it. This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' AGGIE J. S.

Townsend Centre, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and enjoy reading it very much, especially the Correspondence and Little Folks' pages. I am nine years old, and weigh fifty pounds. I go to school about every day when there is school, but we are having our vacation now. I am in the second reader, and like our teacher very well. I go to Sunday-school in the summer time, and belong to the mission band. I love music, and like to read and sew. I make some of my dolls' clothes. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger. NORA D. H.

Layton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school, and like it very much. I have five sisters and no brother. We have one cow, and about thirty hens, two geese, seven goslings. I go to school every day, but it is holidays now. I am in the third book. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. My only pets are two cats, 'Frisk' and 'Tortoise.' We go picking berries nearly every day. We live about a mile from Layton. ELMA (aged 11).

Sutton, Que.

Dear Editor,—As I saw all the other boys and girls writing letters to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write. I live on a farm. For pets I have three cats, a dog named 'Trip,' and a canary bird named 'Dickey.' We have a library in our Sunday-school, and I have read nearly all the books in it. Our school closed June 23. We had a picnic.

PEARL E. (aged 11).

Pickford, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you about the Indians that live a short destance from here. Their skins are of a copper or cinnamon color, their eyes are dark brown, and their hair is black and glossy. They live in log houses, which are fenced in by a log fence. Behind each house is a garden in which grows corn, potatoes, and tobacco. The squaws do all of the hoeing in the garden. They make baskets and mats, which they bring to Pickford to sell. The men hunt and fish for a living. The women wear gay dresses, and hats with almost every color on them. Their graveyard is very near the edge of a lake. On each grave is a little house, with ribbons and wreaths made of stone on them. This graveyard has been there ever since Father Marquette existed! Across the lake from this graveyard, on Marquette Island, is the old stone building in which Father Marquette used to make his abode. It is said by many people that he used every stone as a pulpit to preach to the Indians on. I like to read your paper very much, and wish you success with it.

CORA S. (aged 12).

Henry.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' over two years, and like it very well. Last winter I read 'Ships that pass in the Night,' 'Out of the Triangle,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'A Border Shepherdess,' 'Wonderland,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Trip and Tricy,' and 'United States in war with Spain and History of Cuba.' I want to say to Victoria R. B. that my birthday is not on Aug. 29, but my father's is. Grant (my brother) has his birthday on Aug. 28. I shall be twelve in December. Earl will be fifteen in October. Earl and Grant have thirteen little ducks. They each have a colt, and I have a calf. Our old cat and another ran away. We gave one away, and so have but one left. I have three flower gardens. I am piecing a quilt, and have fourteen blocks done. My teacher gave me 'Little Dorritt,' by Chas. Dickens, for best deportment. S. J. A.

Mosboro, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I live in the country. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I enjoy reading the correspondence in the 'Messenger' very much. We have a cow, a pig, chickens, and hens. The cow's name is Bessie. I have a cat called Frisky. I am staying with a friend in Guelph, and am having a nice time. I have one sister; she is fourteen years old. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Mr. Grant. I live near the post-office. I am a member of the Paisley Block Mission Band. I like going very much.

MAGGIE J. O.

HOUSEHOLD.

'Never Too Old to Learn.'

(Laura E. Hutchinson.)

'Wal, I must say that corn o' yours looks fine, considerin',' exclaimed the old farmer, who furnished our weekly supply of butter and eggs, as he entered the back yard of our city home, and viewed the little 'patch' that had been set apart for raising a few vegetables.

'Considering what?' came from the lady, who was busily at work among her flowers.

'Why, considerin' it's corn that grows in the city, and is raised by city folks,' was the reply she received.

'You must remember, Mr. Dean, that "city folks" may have lived on a farm some time in their lives, and learned how to make a garden. But that corn does look fine,' she added, as she turned toward the mass of waving green, 'and more than that, it is sweet and delicious, too.'

'Sweet!' ejaculated the old farmer, 'wal, I wish I could git some real sweet corn. Jist seems as if there ain't any taste to it. We seldom eat it, anyhow, my wife says it's a nuisance, for it takes so long to bile it.'

'How long does your wife boil her corn?' queried the lady.

'Oh, an hour or so, jist as it happens.'

'Then I don't wonder you never have any sweet corn, for you cook all the sweetness out of it. I expect you'll not believe me when I tell you I never boil my corn over eight minutes.'

'Eight minutes!' exclaimed he, incredulously, 'you might as well eat it raw and done with.'

'It isn't raw at all, but is as thoroughly cooked as corn needs to be. Now, Mr. Dean, just to please me, I wish you'd try some tomorrow my way, and see if your corn isn't sweet, too.'

'I'll do it,' was answered, as he followed her into the house, 'if you'll tell me jist how, for if 'tain't fit to eat I can give it to the pigs.'

'The pigs won't get a mite of it, I'm sure,' was the laughing reply, 'and I am more than willing to tell you my way, which is very simple. You put the corn in a large kettle, and pour over it boiling water enough to cover, then put on the lid of the kettle, and when the water comes to a boil let it boil for just eight minutes, when your corn is ready for the table.'

'I'll try it just as you tell me, and report next week,' replied the farmer, as he pocketed his cash and departed.

When the week was over, and he again made his appearance, it was not necessary to inquire as to his success, for his first words were:

'We're eatin' corn twice a day to our house now, and it's sweet corn, too.'

'Doesn't it taste raw?' was the irresistible query.

'No, ma'am, it certainly don't,' replied the farmer, as he removed the cloth from a crock of golden butter, 'but I must tell you my experience in cookin' that corn the first time. When I went to the field that mornin' I told my wife to have the tea kettle full of bilin' water at a fifteen minutes before twelve. She didn't ask any questions, supposin' I knew my own business, but said she'd see to the water, and I knew it would be ready and waitin'. At the hour I went to the house carrying a basket of corn all husked, and when she saw it she exclaimed:

'"What are you bringin' that corn in here now for, when you know dinner will be ready in fifteen minutes?"

'"I'm goin' to have it for dinner, Maria, and it'll be ready to eat time the rest is," said I, as I put the corn in the big kettle. She looked at me as if she thought I'd gone crazy, but only said, "If you want to eat raw corn, you may fur all me."

'"It won't be raw," I said, though all the time I didn't believe a word I was sayin', an' then I told her I was a goin' to cook that mess o' corn as city folks did. She laughed kind o' scornful, and said:

'"To think that I have cooked corn for thirty years, and now to be taught how by city folks."

'I could see that she felt sort o' hurt that I should think some one else knew how to cook it better than she did, so I said, "It's just an experiment, Maria, and I don't expect it'll be fit to eat, but I promised a lady I'd try her way, and so I'm a doin' of it."

'She didn't say anything more, but I knew 'twasn't laid up again' me, for she helped to take up the corn 'fore she called the men to dinner.

'I could hardly wait till I helped 'em all, I was so anxious to try that corn, and my wife just sat and waited while I put on salt and butter and took a bite, then she said, "How do you like raw corn, Nathan?"

'I kept mum, but passed the platter o' corn, and insisted that all try it. Maria wouldn't take any at first, but after the others tried it and said it was the nicest corn they ever tasted, she took an ear, and after tasting it, was obliged to admit that even after thirty years' experience she had but just learned how to cook corn—and from "city folks," too.'

'Which goes to prove that the saying, "Never too old to learn," is really true,' said the lady, as she fingered the fresh laid eggs.

As the farmer took up his basket to leave, he said:

'I am much obliged to you for telling me this, Miss Parsons, and I hope to be able to do as much for you some time.'

'Oh, you can make it all right by passing this information on to some of your neighbors.'

And I pass it on to the readers of this paper, hoping those that are in the habit of cooking the sweetness all out of their corn will be induced to try 'Miss Parsons's' eight-minute plan.—'Christian Work.'

The Saving of Strength.

Women are apt to confine their idea of waste of things tangible and material. We spoke lately of the waste of emotion and nervous force of which many who pride themselves on being economical are guilty. There is also a foolish expenditure of physical power on the part of the best housekeepers which might easily be conserved. What is the use of standing to perform tasks which might be done quite as well sitting? Dressing one's hair, usually a tiresome process, regulating bureau drawers and boxes, mixing cake, even washing dishes and ironing, can all be done satisfactorily in a sitting posture. 'But it looks so lazy!' expostulates some energetic housekeeper of the type of Miss Ophelia in Uncle Tom's Cabin. Is it worse to look indolent than jaded or cross? Going up and down stairs is far more fatiguing than necessary if only women would practice ascending properly, that is, at a moderate gait, with chest erect and the foot planted squarely on each stair. By a little attention to these details women can do much to lessen the daily waste of tissue and prevent physical bankruptcy.—'The Congregationalist.'

Selected Recipes.

Pumpkin Pie with Raw Pumpkin.—Mix one-half cup sugar, one tablespoonful salt, one tablespoonful ginger; add one beaten egg, one cup of grated raw pumpkin and milk enough to fill the plate.

Pumpkin pie.—Cut a small pumpkin in quarters, remove the seeds and place it skin side down in a granite baking pan and bake in a moderate oven until soft. Then scoop out the pumpkin from the shell and sift it through a fine colander. Thicken one cup of boiling milk with one heaping tablespoonful of flour wet in a little cold milk, cook five minutes and stir this into one pint of the sifted pumpkin. Mix one saltspoonful each of salt, cinnamon, ginger and nutmeg with one cup of sugar, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, then the whites beaten stiff, and stir this all into the pumpkin. Taste and add more sugar if needed. Line a deep plate with rich paste, put on two rims notched, and fill with the pumpkin. Bake slowly until it puffs and is brown.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c. each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c. each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c. per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

'MESSENGER' PREMIUM.

Gentlemen's Sets.

Comprising 1 pair Cuff Links, 3 Front Studs, and 2 Pointer Buttons.

The Links and Studs are rolled gold plate, warranted 10 years, and are made in the celebrated one piece unbreakable style. Dull or polished finish as desired.

Will be sent postpaid and registered.

Free to 'Messenger' subscribers for eight strictly new subscriptions at 30c each. Or for sale post paid for $1.50.

Our premiums are described honestly. If they be not considered to correspond with the descriptions they may be promptly returned and money will be refunded.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

'MESSENGER' PREMIUM.

Rodgers's Jack Knife.

This Boy's Knife will give great satisfaction. The blade is 2¼ inches long and made of the very best of steel, being by the celebrated Joseph Rodgers & Sons, of Sheffield, cutlers to Her Majesty, etc., etc.

Given only to 'MESSENGER' subscribers for two new subscriptions at 30 cents each.

For sale, postpaid, for 30 cents.

"In His Steps."

SHELDON'S GREATEST BOOK!

Thrilling, Inspiring, Forceful.

EVERYONE IS READING IT AND TALKING ABOUT IT.

FOR ONLY ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Sunday-School Teachers would do a good thing by putting this book into the hands of each of their scholars. It will exert a tremendous influence for good upon every member of a home.

Given only to 'Messenger' subscribers for one new subscriber at 30c.

Sold singly or in lots at 15c per copy.

YOUR NAME neatly printed on 20 Rich Gold Edge, Fancy Shape, Silk Fringed, Envelope Verse, Florals, &c., Cards. This gold Plated Ring and a 25c present all for 10c. Samples, outfit and private terms to Agents, 3c. Address STAR CARD CO., Knowlton, P.Q.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'